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No Convey for the St. Louis?
A man notorious as a killer called up the police and said:

"If any citizen walks down the street without wearing a red and white jacket I shall stop out from my hiding place and shoot him."

This threat was noised about, and one citizen who had business away from home went to the police for advice. After five days the police answered:

"We shall not send a policeman with you, as has been suggested. You have a perfect right to walk the streets."

The citizen inquired what would happen if the author of the threat made it good. The police replied:

"Manifestly, you will be shot. As for our action, that is something to be decided after the fact. You may be sure that we will then take vigorous steps."

This closed the conversation, leaving the citizen just where he had been five days before.

Mr. Works Sustains His Record.
Senator JOHN DOWNEY WORKS of California is a cranky, cantankerous fellow, whose conduct is not illuminated by humor or enlightened by understanding. His pacifism is the child of his later years; he is properly proud of the fact that at sixteen and a half he enlisted in the Union army and served eighteen months to the close of the war. His manifestations of contrariness are lacking in the picturesque; in short, he is a bore.

Mr. Works' services will be withdrawn from the Senate on the expiration of his term on March 3 and nobody will regret his disappearance from that body. In preparation for his impending demission to deserved obscurity he conferred on his colleagues a month ago a survey of the state of the nation which consumed two legislative days in delivery, and produced a somnolent effect upon the unfortunate pages who were required to endure it that not even the excitement attendant on subsequent happenings has entirely overcome. That oratorical masterpiece occupies thirty-eight columns of the Congressional Record, a fact that with print paper at its present price will unquestionably make a lasting impression on the taxpayers. Persons who, for a price, have read the speech inform us that it contains some valuable extracts from the utterances of able men.

At present Mr. Works is busily engaged in doing precisely the things intelligent and patriotic citizens are carefully abstaining from. He is making his exit from public life harmonize with his record, and is assuring a hearty, non-partisan welcome for the Hon. HIRSH JOHNSON when that lively statesman succeeds him.

Mexico in Relation to the Present War Crisis.

Secretary BAKER explains that the order to hold on the Mexican border regiments of the National Guard that were about to entrain for the North was made necessary by "local conditions." Yet General FUNSTON a few days ago declared that with the return of General PERRIN's expeditionary force of 10,000 men the border could be defended by the regular army and the National Guard might be released. But when General FUNSTON expressed this opinion the country was not in the shadow of war with Germany and Villista outposts had not advanced to a point thirty miles from Palomas, which is opposite Columbus, nor was there another battle on for the possession of Chihuahua.

We have no doubt that FUNSTON's judgment that the regulars would be in sufficient force to patrol the border was sound, but if there should be war with Germany mischief in Mexico would follow. At Tampico and other Gulf towns the German influence is strong and capable of enterprises that would bear watching. And in the city of Mexico and other important places there are German colonists devoted to their native country. The obvious thing to do in order to embarrass the United States would be to involve it in a war with Mexico, and a short cut would be a conspiracy with General FRANCISCO VILLA to attack American border towns. He would probably lead a ready war, especially if liberally corrupted. General CASARZA, who expects to be chosen President on March 11, would not be plastic material for the conspirators. Moreover, he is much too intelligent to defy a United States aroused by the imminence of conflict with Germany.

VILLA has no scruples, and it has long been his policy to provoke armed intervention. At the risk of his own undoing, he would pull down and ruin CARRANZA.

Expediency therefore requires that a considerable force of American troops, part regulars and part National Guard, be kept on the border. And it is equally desirable that tried and tested regiments be transferred to northern cities to keep order, that is to say, to do police duty, if unavoidable war with Germany ensues. Preparedness has been much on the lips of Americans of late. It is time for action now.

Holland's Predicament.

It has been the dream of British strategists that the Netherlands Government sooner or later would defy Germany and hold the invader back long enough to permit of the landing of French and British expeditionary forces on the west coast, a diversion that would in the end, if plans were well laid and executed, threaten the right of the German line in France and ultimately compel a general retreat before a numerical superiority pressing the Germans from the coast to Verdun.

Hitherto the Dutch Government, in spite of sore provocation, has not seriously considered a break with Germany. The reasons are, or should be, well known. While the people are lovers of liberty and proud of their traditions, the court, like that at Athens and Sofia, has been under German influence. It would be difficult to find a more thoroughgoing German than the Prince Consort. Always it has been taken for granted that the only child of his marriage with Queen WILHELMINA, the Princess JULIANA, would marry a German prince. Moreover, if she were to die and WILHELMINA had no other issue a German would ascend the throne. From the first the Netherlands Government has believed that victory would rest with the Central Powers. No doubt the vigor of the new submarine warfare has strengthened this faith in German military efficiency.

The Dutch have made immense profits out of the war. Tempted by rising prices, they have even depleted their herds and flocks to supply the Germans on the eastern frontier.

For two years of the overseas trade brought in rich returns. But if the merchants have filled their coffers, the food stock has been so reduced that a submarine blockade, if not broken up, would bring the people to the verge of starvation. That is why Holland is now pleading with Germany not to molest her provision carriers on the Atlantic. The Dutch are in more danger of starving than the British.

Being in so precarious a state, how can it be expected that Holland will now show a bristling front to Germany? When the food supply was not running short the Dutch submitted to the sinking of the liners Tubantia, Palembang and Blommestein, content to let the outrages be liquidated in marks after the war. How great a humiliation that was for a people still capable of deeds of heroism! Lately ship after ship has been torpedoed and Holland sees her merchant marine dwindling steadily, inexorably. And Holland has had to submit to other injuries and insults. The Germans have plotted against the administration in the Dutch East Indies, stirring up sedition and weakening the hold of the home Government. Invasions of the three mile limit on the coast of Holland have been frequent. Perhaps the worst indignity of all was the deliberate shooting by a German soldier of a Belgian refugee on Dutch soil who was talking with his sister inside the Maestricht detention camp. The Netherlands Government dared not treat the outrage as a casus belli, and soon let it drop.

It would seem as if the Dutch would have to turn on their Government if the aggressions of Germany are to be resisted, but they are loyal to their Queen and long suffering. Moreover, the menace of German invasion and fear of sharing the fate of Belgium, Serbia and Rumania give the Dutch pause. Their eastern frontier is open, and the reinforced army on a war footing, has had a total of 250,000 men, has had no experience in modern warfare. To-day the Dutch are thinking more about famine than the assertion of their rights on the battlefield. Heroic defiance of the greatest military power on earth cannot be expected of them.

Coddling Our Militia.

If there is one thing that a National Guardsman hates more than another it is being pictured as a weakling succumbing to inclement weather on post. He has read about the peril and rigors of war in the trenches in Europe; how men face death from day to day and are lucky to escape it, the high explosive that scatters limbs as the gust whirled up leaves, the gas cloud that strangles and all the other horrors, and the militiaman wants no sympathy because he has to stamp his feet and beat his breast to make the blood circulate.

"It was like patrolling the Alps," one private is quoted as saying of his marching up and down on an aqueduct post. We think too well of the National Guard to believe that a man worth his salt said any such thing. The Italians and Austrians in camp on glacial heights, expecting the bursting of a shell at any moment to spill their souls, might register a mental protest against the congealed horrors of war, but we fancy that they keep their mouths shut. The aqueduct sentinel is on post for a comparatively

brief time, and he can look forward to hot coffee, tobacco and the glow of relaxation under cover.

If our guardsmen up from the border shiver in winter's breath from the lack of suitable clothing it is a condition that can be remedied, and an extra flannel shirt and a thicker pair of gloves will keep the cold out until regulations are honored. It is certainly no condition to cry about. Positively we refuse to believe that the average guardsman is complaining for publication, and we are sure that he doesn't want to be cussed and coddled. These are times that try men's souls and test their manhood, where they are fighting under the most dreadful conditions that soldiers were ever exposed to. An American volunteer who calls himself a man would be ashamed to have his privations on post mentioned in connection with the agonies that soldiers endure on the battlefields of Europe. He would rebuff a maudlin sympathy. The National Guard bitterly resents coddling.

The Hell Gate Project.

The Senate Committee on Commerce has executed an important stroke for preparedness by adopting the recommendation of army engineers for a deep channel in the upper part of the East River, generally known as the Hell Gate project. The House had already appropriated \$500,000 for this work. The Senate committee doubles the sum and makes a continuing appropriation by which, at a cost of \$1,000,000 a year, the work will be done in six years.

The effect, as aptly characterized by Representative HULBERT of New York, will be to transform the East River into another Kiel Canal. The largest battleships will then have access to and exit from Brooklyn Navy Yard through Long Island Sound as well as the New York harbor. The value of the double entrance and exit can readily be seen.

We have little doubt that the accelerated execution of this project will be favored by both houses of Congress; and it should be so favored whether standing singly or with other meritorious undertakings. It may well be that its completion will coincide with the time of our greatest need of it.

The Dredger of Cats.

Is the United States Marine Corps so beset by recruits that it can afford to reject an eulophobe? We had not thought so, but the facts seem plain. Mr. WILLIAM JAMES of Fremont, Ohio, an accepted recruit, was about to take the oath at the Twenty-third street station of the corps when, discovering the presence of a cat in the room, he rushed to the street in fright. He could feel that it was there and, he said, it nearly drove him crazy. Thereupon he was rejected, the story ends.

The recruiting officers should have their attention called to the case of a man named BONAPARTE, who, it is related, screamed for help in the palace at Schonbrunn just after he had won the battle of Wagram because a cat, harmless but unnecessary, had hidden herself behind his bed curtain. The less celebrated General ROBERT DEAN would faint if there was a cat near him. If these are regarded as fables, the Marine Corps doctors might hear the testimony of one of their own profession, the distinguished S. WEIR MITCHELL:

"A soldier of distinction, much given to tiger shooting, is undisturbed by these great felines, but terrified by the tame cat."

Dr. MITCHELL had a doctor friend who became searick at the very memory of meeting a cat. ANDREW LANG pondered the puzzle, but could not solve it, although he had a cat and entertained eulophobes at dinner. The cats liked the humans, but the humans shrieked and fainted or died. The matter baffled SHAKESPEARE:

"Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, taking on the silly fool,
Love the white stag, or love the downy dove;
Or fall in love with curious little mice;
Or take the bat for a sweet playmate;
Or grow as fat as a king's owl;
Love the slow toad, and hiss against the snake;
And, in a word, love all things that creep;
And none of these are you."

The navy might reject candidates who pule when they learn that alcoholic drinks are not allowed on shipboard, but the dreader of cats ought to be permitted to go to sea. There he might be safe from his malady.

The Root of All Evil Uprooted.

We have received from Mr. JAMES HOLDEN of 2 East Twenty-third street, this city, a hectic typewritten manifesto which opens as follows:

"To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Why modern life is an anxious, unnatural 'struggle for existence' is sufficiently explained in the following dictum, viz.:
"Congress doesn't provide enough money to effect all exchanges in cash."
The currency deficit (now \$21,000,000,000) compels 90 per cent. of business to be transacted with a private substitute for public money, i. e., 'bank checking accounts.'

"This policy causes the indispensable exchange medium to become an article of profitable traffic, the same as the labor product, and permits interest takers to levy a private tax on exchanges."

"The interest' thus exacted for the use of the credit substitute absorbs the entire surplus fruit of our every industry and enables the recipients to consume without producing."

"Thus the calculating few insidiously despoil the workers by a legalized process; forcing them to donate fully half their daily earnings to the idle owners of surplus money!"

"This is why the many are poor; why 'money's hard to get'; why it isn't easy to 'make both ends meet'; why the producer is everywhere 'in debt' to the non-producer! There isn't enough money to

go around' by twenty-one thousand million dollars!"

"The foregoing statements are verified by official statistics."

We know something was wrong and are unreservedly grateful to Mr. HOLDEN for showing us what and allaying our worst fears. At the same time we cannot repress our admiration for the self-immolation he undergoes in showing us that all that really is wrong is bottled up in his own intellects.

Mr. HOLDEN goes on (they all do, one way or another) to proclaim the remedy for the deplorable condition he reveals:

"The prescription—known as land currency—is a scientific plan to supply the money shortage by making productive land, as well as precious metals, a basis for the issue of a supply of representative money equal to the needs of commerce, at cost of issue; thereby avoiding the use of the expensive private substitute by supplanting the twenty-one billions of bank credit with a like amount of legal tender Government money."

All that is necessary to carry this into execution is for the Government to confiscate all the land. We regret this somewhat radical preliminary, but of course the Government cannot base its money on something owned by somebody else.

With one passage in Mr. HOLDEN's open letter we are inclined to disagree. We ask his pardon, but he is absolutely sure that "human ills are clearly traceable to a profound ignorance of money which is practically universal?" We assume he means that ignorance, not money, is universal, for he goes on to say pathetically:

"Men are rare, for example, who know, or even suspect, that there is a dearth of money!"

We are willing to bet a crisp new one acre note against an old tattered fifty dollar bill of the wicked banks that the reason men who suspect the truth are rare is because men who know the truth when they see it, like Mr. HOLDEN, are rarer still.

Mr. FORD has put the flat in pacifist.

In a hasty moment Colonel GEORGE HARVEY said a few months ago that, clearly, what the whole country needed was a lesson in patriotism; but Colonel HARVEY would be the first to admit now that he judged wrongly.

When WALTER DUMMOCH told an audience of youthful musketeers that "The Star Spangled Banner" should be to our ears what the flag is to our eyes he said a true and happy thing. They are the two outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual Americanism.

It would be hard to find an institution, public or private, which does better work for American preparedness in industry and hygiene than the American Museum of Natural History, which has just adopted a budget of \$600,000 for its needs in the year to come. Fifty thousand persons have visited the chemical exposition which is now being held at the museum. Its military hygiene exhibition is of use not only to the army but to more than a hundred colleges with which the museum is in touch. Shut off from European patterns and fabrics, American designers and artists have found inspiration and instruction in the great collections at Manhattan Square. A thousand schools get the benefit of the museum's educational work, and its lectures were heard by 64,000 children last year. As an instance of the spirit of the trustees, they have personally subscribed \$40,000 toward this year's expenses, grown beyond the normal because of America's increased need of the resources and researches of the museum. This sum is in addition to the \$23,500 raised by the trustees through personal subscription to raise the museum's fund.

With his usual lucidity of thought, WILLIAM J. BRYAN has reached the conclusion that the proper name for a nation to spring to arms is after it has been disarmed.

The issue before the world is simple. The triumph of Rightfulness means the death of Democracy.

The views expressed on America's responsibility for the Lusitania tragedy by the Hon. JOHN D. WORKS of California in a speech in the Senate raise a doubt as to which is the more unsound, his head or his heart.

Our most undesirable citizens at this time are not those who cannot speak our language, but those who speak it too recklessly.

Dr. CARL FRAYSON comprehends the Kaiser's feeling of amazement at the intelligence of the United States Senate.

Neutral nations should bear in mind that Germany never pays the slightest attention to notes sent to protest.

Switzerland to have a merchant fleet.—Newspaper headline.

The war sinks even the most reliable of old jokes.

It is reported that in the last week many persons west of the Mississippi have realized that the war is large and important.

When Hoboken is with the United States who shall be against them?

Birth Rate of an Up-State Town.
From the Utica Press.
In the city of Utica during the year 1916 there were 2,543 births. Of these 1,000 were the children of mothers born in America and 1,543 were the children of mothers born in other countries, mostly European. There were born of American born mothers 35.44 per cent. and of foreign born mothers 64.56 per cent.

Strong Platform of a Maryland Candidate.
From the Baltimore News.
J. E. Withers came out as a candidate for Sheriff in Caroline. He notified the voters that "I have been a voter in the county for half thirty years and have never held public office during this long period."

A DEED AFAR.

Alexei Nikolaievitch, Prince Praskov, had returned from the trenches to Petrograd on leave, and now he was at a salon where all the most brilliant people of the capital were assembled. They quite outmoded the Moscow society with which he was more familiar. He sat gloomily off by himself. It was not his surroundings that affected him, wholly, although he had never in his whole life met so many Germanophiles as in Petrograd within three long winter evenings. This had its depressing effect, but what really ailed him was the special Russian malady of self-doubt. The Giant Despair whom John Bunyan encountered was a Russian.

All he had seen and heard at the front was vanished. The courage, the fortitude, the devotion was forgotten. Could Russia win? Alexei Nikolaievitch asked himself. And by Russia he did not mean the country of Tchaikovsky, of Turgeniev, of Dostoevsky, nor of all those Petrogradists, but the country of that great soul and stumbling philosopher Leo Tolstoy, of the muzhik, of the little landowner, as opposed to the dvornik and the functionary. For so far as Alexei Nikolaievitch could see none of these functionalists and dynasts would give a life for the Czar. The phrase meant to them a collection of pretty melodies by Nikolai Sergeievitch Glinka. They talked endlessly about the triumphs of the German arms.

"Germany must be defeated, of course. We shall bring her to see that further war up to him to initiate. That is the really important thing! After all, Bismarck had the right idea. Russia, Germany, Austria—the league of the three Cezars. Constantinople and the Bagdad Railway. There is a great work to do."

This chatter drove Alexei Nikolaievitch wild. If these schemers had seen the things he had seen! If their soft and delicately scented bodies had been in the places he had inhabited! If their sensuous minds had confronted the thoughts that sight of death and suffering brought!

In his disgust and wrath and sorrow he thought plying of the people he knew whose only hope of recompense for what they were now enduring lay in a liberalizing of their own Government and a reorganization that should shake the whole class of officials and chamberlains forcibly, as a soldier shakes vermin from his jacket. To Alexei Nikolaievitch this liberalization and housecleaning could not take place without the entire defeat of Germany, for if Germany emerged victorious and semi-victorious it would strengthen its autocracy everywhere.

He got up suddenly and went out of the room, leaving the warmth, the agreeable smells, the fine foods, the music and the wine for the intensely cold night, in which uncounted stars looked down on Russia. The coachman ventilated the heavy car for him; the news: the Americans had broken with Germany.

Alexei Nikolaievitch stood stock still. Then he dismissed the coachman. He would walk home. Muffled in furs, he set out, dazed with happiness, his heart singing as he went. He looked up again at the stars in his gaze and there was an unspoken prayer to the other worlds there visible to witness a triumph for justice and a new hope for humanity in this.

SUBFIFTH AVENUE.

Simple Suggestion for Its Efficient Ventilation.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Referring to the suggestion in your issue of to-day of a sub-roadway in Fifth avenue, I would suggest an efficient way to ventilate the roadway by using the open or hollow curb, with flues leading to top of subway.

A ten inch hollow curb on both sides of a street furnishes an open space, every one hundred running feet, equal to an area of fourteen feet square. A drain should be constructed on floor of subway to carry off water from the washing, and city hydrants with hose may be used through the open curb from the street. The sunken gutters connect with the sewers at the street corners.

R. E. B.
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7.

Is This the Seaport of Success?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: There are two towns named Success in the United States, one near, not on, Piney Point, and another, a branch, on the other on the Saline River, a branch of the Kansas. As there is a town named Fairport further up the river this is probably the one that puzzles Mr. A. R. Nathan, who tells you of seeing "Seaport of Success" on hotel registers.

M. B. HIGGINS.
HICKMAN, February 7.

The Lonesomeness of New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: One reason New York is so lonesome is the notwithstanding all its great attractions, there are so many pretty, refined and cultured girls seemingly born to blush unseen and waste their sweetness on the desert air, due to the fact, perhaps, that bachelors are not up to the mark, or that the ladies are indifferent, or that matrimony is no longer popular.

THOMAS OTTAWAY.
IOWA CITY, February 5.

What Has Von Bernstorff Done to Deserve This?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: It would be an act of graceful courtesy in recognition of the manner in which the German ex-Ambassador has filled his high office, and of the kindly spirit he has displayed toward the American people, to designate Mr. Bryan to accompany him home.

ALFRED JOHNSON.
WASHINGTON, D. C., February 7.

On a Notorious Marplot.

At this grave hour what shall be said or sung? Of one who, gifted with persuasive tongue, spoke of the use of the word "plot." Words like treason and treachery? Upright and gibb, and cloaked in prim pretence. Must he still hear him, with smooth eloquence, subtle and shallow, forth his periods pour, trailing and posturing, ever to the fore? Long have we suffered, long have we endured. This silver voice we vain would have improved. Outpouring cunning sophistries that delude, Deft in device, and rich with platitude! But now, but now in this, the nation's need. When he speaks at the door bids men take heed. Now when, if ever, patriotic fire And ardor in the heart should mount like fire.

Shall this notorious marplot, sleek and bland, Mouth his loud menace up and down the land? Or shall he, in the hour of our dire need, Speak words of peace and good will to the land? CLYDE SCOLLARD.

"HOW"

The Etymologist, in War Paint, Rides the Trail of Word History.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: When I gave you Buffalo Bill's explanation of the origin of the salutation "How!" used by army officers with their illustrations I did not realize how much dust I was kicking up. Mr. Davis of Washington sharpens his knife and insists that the "tradition which has been extant here in Washington for very many years" is the correct one, adding that "How!" has been a common greeting among Indians for ages past, and that it is an Indian word.

Very well. Now let us forget "Washington tradition" and go back to the Indians of the West. Parenthetically I wish to state that I was born and reared among the Indians of New Mexico and am intimately acquainted with the Tano, Teague, Navajo and Hopi. For many years ago I prepared a number of papers on the Tano Indian language for the Bureau of Ethnology, since I speak it as fluently as I do my own.

I agree with Mr. Davis that the Indians have used "How!" in greeting Americans, because they wished to imitate our "How do you do?" "How are you?" or the laconic Western "Howdy?" But it is not an Indian word. Buffalo Bill said that when the fug of a dewater was handed around, after a peace session with the Indians, the latter, upon hearing the white man mutter "Health!" or "Good luck!" before greeting him, thought it was up to him to imitate. Whereupon he would exclaim "How!" often the only English word he knew, before greeting him with the Tano word for "Health" (see Philippines), promptly took it up, and to-day one hears the word "How!" wherever the American army man goes. So there you are!

And the word "mosquito," meaning the New Jersey pest: one finds it in Webster's. In the Spanish language "ito" is added to a word to express the diminutive. "Gato" means cat. "Gatito" means "little cat." "Mosquito" means "little fly" or "mosquito." "Mosquito" means "little fly." So there you are again!

Now I hope tradition won't prompt some one to pop up and contradict me, because I know I'm right. Furthermore, I have all the respect in the world for "Washington tradition." I think it is very lovely, but inclined to think it is only half cooked. In this particular case Mr. Buffalo Bill scored another, so here's "How!" to him.

JOHN W. ROBERTS.
NEW YORK, February 6.

Several Forms of "How," and a Tale of Wild Bill Hickok.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I missed an explanation said to have been given by the late Buffalo Bill to one of your correspondents of the origin of the salutation "How!" used by army officers when "liquidating." Mr. Henry E. Davis is undoubtedly right in stating that the salutation was borrowed from the common form of Indian greeting.

I once imagined that the Indians borrowed this from the American salutation "How are you?" but while possibly this may be true of the term used in the Chinook jargon, "Kia how ya." I do not believe it of Indians in general. Various tribes of the Sioux say "Hoh" or "Hau." The Pawnee say "Hau." The Cheyenne sounds like "Dau," and two hundred years ago La Page du Pratz in "Histoire de la Louisiane" tells us the Natchez used the term "Hou!" All these different forms are pronounced nearly alike, and by a careless listener might be thought to be the same. The term is one of salutation, welcome, gratitude, assent or applause. It is constantly heard in conversation with the Indians or in their councils, when expressing agreement with something that has been said.

William F. Cody was a very good natured, friendly, excellent horseback rider, and a very good shot with the rifle. It was this skill that gave him his name Buffalo Bill. Since his death some newspaper accounts have spoken of him as a successor and equal of Kit Carson and Daniel Boone, a comparison which makes Bill's old acquaintances smile a little. I knew Cody for many years, and I can assure you that I think even before he had been discovered by old Ned Buntline, who introduced him to the public and to fame.

In the early '70s Bill first appeared on the stage, where his handsome personality, long hair and confident manner made him popular at once. In what was perhaps his first play, he was chief companion on the stage was Wild Bill (J. B.) Hickok, a very good fellow, who was murdered a few years later in the Black Hills. Wild Bill's idea of a joke did not agree with that of some of the other characters in the play and at length led to his death.

The Indians, who carried off the girl, or murdered the settlers, or whatever they did, were Pawnees. At the critical moment the two Bills came in and with much firing of six shooters defeated and drove off the Indians. Bill Hickok, the Indian, was the one to burn the Indians with the bullet, and was the one to shoot the six shooters, just for the fun of seeing them jump. The Indians not reasonably objected, and Cody remonstrated with Wild Bill. However, the latter could not overcome his fondness of burning the Indians, and as he and Cody could not agree on this point Wild Bill left the show.

His place was afterward taken, I think, by Jack O'Mahoney, who called himself Texas Jack. Jack had tended bar out in North Platte City for a year or two, if I recollect aright. I saw him there, I think, in 1872 or earlier. He knew nothing about warlike or mountain life. O'Mahoney died a few years later in Leadville, I think.

J. HOLMES SMITH.
NEW YORK, February 7.

On Guard in the Catskills.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Under the heading "Aqueduct Police to Roll Back Guard" in to-day's issue of The Sun you state that the "new \$10,000,000 dam built by the city of New York at Kensico" is being protected by militia.

Permit me to say that you have been misinformed. The guarding of the Kensico dam and all of the other most important points along the line of the new Catskill Aqueduct is being done by the Board of Water Supply Police under my immediate command.

We have nothing to do with the Croton Aqueduct, which is under the jurisdiction of another city department.

GEORGE F. SHREVE,
Superintendent Board of Water Supply Police.
NEW YORK, February 7.

Hours for Flying Old Glory.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Old Glory should be flying from the belfry at 8 o'clock in the morning and at 8 o'clock in the evening, and should never touch the ground and should "never be kept flying."

CLYDE SCOLLARD.
MEADOWS, February 7.

FRANCE'S BIRTH RATE NOT BIOLOGICAL DEGENERATION DUE TO WAR.

The Cause of Decrease Is Social and Economic, as Statistics From Various Peaceful States Prove.

In the Nuova Antologia of June, the Italian publicist Sergi published a rather pessimistic essay on the declining birth rate in France, which he attributed to the biological degeneration brought about by the war in which France had been engaged, and especially by the present war. Other writers have taken up the subject, notably the Swedish journalist Knut Wickel, who is a professor at the University of Lund, and the Italian Deputy Signor Colajanni. For a very special reason, however, it happens to be an interesting one at this time.

According to Colajanni, biological degeneration is a mournful title, and the essay of Sergi is quoted with disapproval. Still the unpleasant probability that many a foreign reader, seeing the phrase biological degeneration and hearing the quality of its author, might suspect that things were more serious in the republic than is generally admitted, has induced Colajanni to print a review of the evidence.

It is based on a great deal of historical and statistical material. The doctrine itself is easily reduced to a few simple dogmas: 1. The number of births in France has steadily declined since the wars of Napoleon. 2. Countries that have enjoyed peace do not manifest this decline. 3. Consequently, war is the cause of the decline, and the birth rate is entirely subservient to that. 4. The loss in population is an indication of a change in the vitality of the nation.

This is the exceedingly unwelcome view which Sergi sets forth, not only with absolute frankness but with very complete and convincing evidence. There is also no evidence that men in possession of large salaries have proportionate families. Indeed, it is known that they do not, and Wickel concludes that not war, but the "high standard of living" is the determining factor in population decline. He seems to have struck a happy vein, too, in his economic theory of salaries. In France people have talked immeasurable nonsense about the German expansion, not realizing that Germans were attracted to France by the better